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WORLD IN FOCUS:

British Learn to Eat Reds

By PIERRE J. HUSS

THERE ARE MANY Communists at the United Nations, of course, some fat but most of them lean. I keep my eyes peeled carefully for the lean ones, because the British secret service or somebody up there has convinced Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home that thin Communists are dangerous and fat ones indolent and presumably tame.

I can sidestep the skinny ones before they come close enough in UN corridors to be dangerous, but how do I protect myself against the bad lean Commie who comes at me padded out to trap me?



HUSS

Nikita Khrushchev, according to reliable information from defector Yuri Nossenko, weighs 230 pounds. I shudder at the thought that during his six weeks at UN in 1960 Nikita might have dieted down to a trim 175 and declared war on us or something, instead of restricting himself as the fat Communist to raising the roof with his tantrums against everybody except Fidel Castro—who hides a drum-like potbelly under his loose green fieldcoat.

Too bad the British omitted their explanation of why roly-poly Mao Tse-tung is such a bloody non-conformist? This blood-thirsty Commie, who is willing to see 400 million Chinese killed in a nuclear war, hits the scale at 220 pounds. I hope he never gets the fool idea of starving himself in common with the rest of the 700 million he rules (minus one million well-fed Communists).

I was worried sick about this belated discovery by Her Majesty's government that only skinny Communists plot to

conquer the world, because I have been brainwashed all these years into naively believing that all Communists are hell-bent on converting us by hook or by crook into a "big brother" peaceful co-existence world of slavery.

I guess old two-gun Gen. George S. Patton of World War II fame was wrong in always alerting me to the wiles of the small but heavyweight Stalin and his cohorts: "The only good Commie is a dead Commie, including Joe Stalin or any of them."

To calm my quaking nerves, I cross-examined my British sources until in strict confidence and off-the-record they confided to me the real devastating secret of the fat against the lean Commie. First of all, they whispered, the historians hired by the British government used computers to prove, on the basis of long-lost evidence, that the fat Pharaohs lived happily and lazily but never conquered the next-door real estate as did the lean ones.

Also, the computers revealed, Alexander the Great was a kid weighing never more than 110 pounds. Same with Attila the Hun. But look at Nero, the fat one, who ruined the Roman Empire. And with pardonable reluctance, the British sources confessed that the computers blamed King George III, who weighed 300 pounds, for the loss of the American colonies.

They had one more clincher to their secret data on fat Communists. Every one of them has a car, a television set, a refrigerator, indoor plumbing, and all the other luxuries associated with the decadent "imperialists." These seductive accessories creep up on the hardness of the Commie, and soon sap the good old fighting and sabotaging spirit out of his bulky frame. Taen, my British friends assured me, the end is not far off for the No. One enemy of decent civilization.